with such a *testa squaiata* as our friend Minasi, who is stark, staring mad about politics.

Campbell lives entirely with General Acton, and is going to Naples with the Prince Royal. He says Sicily enjoys tranquility and plenty. You had better not write to Minasi, for the ports of Naples and Sicily will soon be in the possession of the French.

When the latter were driven out of Italy by Suwarrow, Benincasa fled from Milan, where he was something, and lay hid for many months at a farmhouse near Modena. He has probably returned before this, and may be a great man by this time.

It is supposed that Bonaparte has agreed with Prussia to make the hereditary Prince of Orange First Consul of the Batavian Republic.

Last night Madame M. had a musical party, which, from the small size of the room, and the black dress of the company, and the long pianoforte in the middle of the apartment, must have been the exact representation of the harlot's funeral in Hogarth.

Lady A. and Mr. W. are separated. He, the most knowing man of the town, marries a woman

for her jointure, and finds himself immediately
beset with a host of creditors to an enormous